The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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A SONG OF EASTER.

Wake to thine Easter, O my soul,
To-day be glad and brave;
The King, whose look shall make thee whole,
Is victor o'er the grave.

Wake to thine Easter! Droop no more,
Though dark the hour may be!
Heaven swings full wide its jeweled door,
'Tis life that beckons thee.

Oh, didst thou dream, poor faithless one,
That death should wear the crown?
Oh, didst thou deem time's waning sun
In blackness should go down?

And when thy loved were reft away
By angel hands unseen,
And grief and loss held weary sway
Where joy and health had been,

Didst thou forget that just beyond
The barriers of the tomb,
Unchecked by frost with iron bond,
Immortal lilies bloom?

Wake to thine Easter! Christ is risen!
Ten thousand thousand sing;
Freed souls, that erst were held in prison,
They sing to Christ the King!

Wear not this day a mournful face;
Lift up thine eyes and see
His glory lighting all the place—
Immanuel hastes to thee.

Sweet odors waft from spice and myrrh,
About his splendid way,
And every simple worshipper
Clasps hands with heaven to-day!

Wake to thine Easter, O my soul!
Arise, be glad and brave!
The Lord, whose look shall make thee whole,
Is victor o'er the grave!

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

INCREASE OF LIFE.

"*Because I live, ye shall live also.*"—JOHN xiv. 19.

To Jesus Christ, the unseen world and the world which is seen are one world and the same. We talk of "the other world," "the future world," "the world above": he does not speak so. He speaks of heaven as if it were now and here, or might be; and, when the disciples are confused with what he says, it is often because they see double where he sees singly. Nay: when he appears to be confused by what they say,—as sometimes happens,—the best account we can give is that they are talking of this visible world only, while he talks at once of the visible and invisible. There are a hundred texts that show his feeling,—"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." "It is my Father who doeth these works at which you wonder. You do not see him; but, all the same, he is here." "Father, I know that thou hearest me always. I would not have spoken aloud but for the help of these who are standing by." And, when he expresses his trouble because language and metaphor fail him as they do, it is in this very difficulty. Language, having been made by people who rely on their senses, to answer the purposes of the visible and tangible world, breaks down when it is applied to the range, vastly wider, of that unseen world, which permeates this world, and in which this world floats as a straw floats in the ocean.

There are not two lives,—a life of heaven

there and a life of earth here. These two lives are one life. As the Lord's Prayer says, "God's will is done on earth as it is in heaven." This opens out the meaning of the more figurative phrase, "The kingdom of God is at hand."

What Jesus is trying to make us see is that heaven thus has its part and place in the world of time, and may wholly master it, if we will. To borrow a striking figure which I once heard Dr. Bush employ, the earth is as full of heaven as a sponge is full of water. Every pore is saturated and crowded with it. And the true child of God, who knows his own dignity, is not forever distinguishing between the sponge and what it holds, between things of time and things of eternity. How can he discriminate? Both are God's work. Both are in God's order. He can sweep a floor to God's glory as well as sing a psalm to his glory. As the true citizen does his duty, and does it, of course and without question, never stopping to say, I do this as a Massachusetts man, or I do this as an American, or this as a citizen of the world, but knows and feels that the one relation belongs to the other, reinforces it, and gains strength from it, just so the child of God lives his earthly life and his heavenly life at once and together. He does not define nor dissect nor analyze. There is no separation nor distinction. He speaks at once with the tongues of men and of angels. He does the deed at once of earth and of heaven. He does his own will, yes, and he does his Father's will in the same act. For he has so wrought out the divinity of his own nature that his life is hid in God's life. Of which union the perfect statement was made, when Jesus said, "I and my Father are one." For which also he prayed for us, when he prayed that we might be one, as they two are one.

She who, for months and years, lay gently on the sick-bed, who received from one and another a thousand tender ministrations to her pain, and repaid them all in her thankful patience,—she casts off the frail house of this earthly tabernacle; and lo! with the same love, with the same patience, with the same gratitude, she is ministering to them and to ten thousand more, in the glad freedom of disembodied life. As the baby passes into the boy, the boy into the youth, the youth into the man, so, in one more change, not unlike these others, the child of God stands free in the untrammelled life of heaven.

It is indeed a faith which it needs such as Jesus to instill. Those who knew him took it in and made it real. For us, we drink at the same fountain. The promise was not an empty promise; and when the moment comes, when the cloud opens and the heaven reveals itself, the Comforter, who is the Holy Spirit, speaks to us. Nor is it any new doctrine. It is the word which spoke from the beginning. The Comforter speaks to say that the world of God is larger than this world of man. The life of God is larger than this life, hemmed in by the powers of five senses only, and unable to know more or to do more. The Father of perfect love is always training us for that larger life and those fuller powers. Sometimes he shows us that this is possible. When he calls the careful thinker who has exhausted earthly processes, or the brave leader who has quickened a thousand thousand lives, nay, the loving boy who has shown me what the kingdom of heaven is and what it is like, or the unselfish mother whose life has been all made up of help and blessing to those around her; when God lifts these into a life unembodied and therefore unseen, he teaches me again the lesson which Jesus was teaching always. Such lives have larger sphere and duty; for God's purpose is larger than these cramped places and these passing hours. Who lives as they have lived, and with such faith as their faith—these never die.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God, within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee.

. . . . . .

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death.
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

—*Emily Brontë.*

The revelation of life in Jesus Christ is not simply the fact of his personal reappearance after death. Before he died, he had quickened the life of the world, renewed it, enlarged it. "I am the resurrection and the life: who so liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Whoever lives with that control of sense and organ by the living soul which to the Christian man is possible, whoever rises superior to pain, hunger, want, whoever lives with the divine life of a son of God, that man knows he does not die. The answer falls fitly on the wretched plaint of Martha, dissatisfied, as well she might be, with the faith of her country and of her time. She sobs out her doleful creed: "I know that he shall rise again, at that distant resurrection, at that last day, which is, oh, so wretchedly far away!" How often has that mournful plaint of that Jewish woman been repeated by persons who have been taught the same Eastern doctrine of a suspended animation, even in Christian churches! Christ will have none of it. "Dead! Do you think I shall die? You believe in me! Do you think any child of God dies? If he once learns to live, if he lives in the large life,—the life that believes, that loves, that hopes,—he knows he cannot die."—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club, to be printed there.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

Any one willing to pay freight on a barrel of magazines can receive the same by applying to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

For the following books address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Miscellaneous.

"The Man without a Country," E. E. Hale; "Alice in Wonderland"; "Treasure Island"; "The White Company," Doyle; "A Year of Miracle"; "Poems," J. W. Chadwick; "Domestic History of the American Revolution"; "Virgin Saints and Martyrs," S. Baring-Gould; "The Golden Book of Venice"; "Merry-Mount"; "Judith's Garden"; "The Blithedale Romance"; "Thorpe," Mountford; "Stories from Italy"; "Auld Scots' Humor"; "English Poetry and Poets"; "The Masquerader"; "Two Dramas," Sanborn; "Maud," Tennyson; "Tales of a Wayside Inn"; "Kavanagh"; "The Golden Legend," Longfellow; "Summer Time in the Country"; Goethe's "Faust"; "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell"; "Halleck's Poems."

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must sent the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. *My dear friends,*—May I come asking a favor of the readers of the good little *Cheerful Letter?* I am an invalid, been confined to my bed nearly thirty years. I shall be fifty-five years old in April. Have raised a family of seven children under many trials, disappointments, poverty, and sorrows. I am very anxious to obtain a Bible, large print, one I could keep a record of births, deaths, etc., in, and would like so much to receive one for each of my six children if this is not asking too much.

Last May my youngest daughter, sixteen years old, went from earth to heaven. It was a sad, lonely summer for me. I meant to write asking for something to read, but hesitated to do so. I find the dreary winter days just as lonely. I am raising one of my daughters' little sons; he is almost four years old; his father is dead. Picture books, any kind, to amuse him would be appreciated. My husband is a preacher: any reading for him, my son and myself would be thankfully received. I have nothing to offer in return, only a heart full of thanks and appreciation and prayers that God will bless this society. All please pray for me in this the greatest sorrow in my life. There are times I feel as if I cannot bear the having to give up my dear Rosa and find it so hard to say, "Not my will, O Lord, but thy will be done." If any friends of long ago see this I want to thank them for past kindness. Hoping to be remembered sometimes, your shut-in friend, Mrs. Anna Teague, Manington, Christian County, Kentucky.

2. Mrs. M. Jane Turner, Dodson, Patrick County, R. F. D. No. 1, Virginia, will be

eighty years old on April 16th. She asks that she may be remembered with reading, letters, or cards on that day.

3. Mrs. Mary E. Wicker, Church and 28th Streets, Norfolk, Virginia, is confined to the house with an invalid daughter and will be very thankful for any literature.

4. Mrs. L. M. Hamilton, the step-mother of several children, will be glad of any reading. R. F. D. No. 1, Norfolk, Virginia.

5. Mrs. Lessie B. Rea, Spencer, R. F. D. 3, Box 14, Virginia, asks for any reading, and especially "St. Elmo" or *McCall's Magazine*.

6. Alex Williams, Swansboro, North Carolina, wishes "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," or any of Lilian Whiting's works.

7. Mrs. L. D. Jones, Green Bay, Virginia, will be glad of any of the following books: "Pilgrim's Progress," "Throne of David," "Let us follow Him," "Coming to Christ," "Days of Grace," "At the Beautiful Gate," "Pathway of Safety," "Prince of the House of David."

[It is a help when the author's name is given, not of the "Pilgrim's Progress," of course, but the others are less familiar.]

8. Mrs. D. E. Howse has moved from Pisgah to Roberts, New Mexico, on account of her health, one hundred miles from the railroad, and fifteen hundred from home, kindred, and friends. She asks for any reading, and expecially the October number of *Comfort*.

9. Mrs. R. B. Ware, Swansonville, Virginia, asks for little books for her boys and girls, and souvenir post-cards.

10. Mr. C. C. Wright, Hunting Creek, North Carolina, writes: "I am writing in the interest of the rural library work here. Under our law, if the district will raise ten dollars, the State and county each give ten. Last year we aided a number of schools by giving them half the amount they were required to give in books. Could you aid us this year in making a donation of books? If so, it will be helpful and will be appreciated. Thanking the members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange for their aid in the past, I am very cordially yours, C. C. Wright."

The Editor asks if any one can tell her the name of the author of a novel, written many years ago, called "Lords and Ladies"? The book was very bright and entertaining, though the name sounds silly. The book cannot be found at the Boston Public Library nor the Boston Athenæum. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEACHING OBEDIENCE.

(*Continued from Last Number.*)

Ellen had been engaged in her work but a very few minutes when she thought she heard some sort of a call. She listened. It was Annie's voice calling to her from the top of the stairs. Ellen immediately rose and opened the door which led to the staircase from the kitchen.

"Annie," said she, "is that you?"

"Yes," said Annie, "and I want you to come up here and see me."

Annie spoke, as she said this, with a faltering voice and with suppressed sobs, so that Ellen perceived that she was in great trouble. Ellen said that she would come right up. "Run right back and get into bed again," said she, "and I will come up as soon as I get the candle."

Ellen returned to the work-table and got the candle, and then went upstairs to Annie. She found her lying in the bed with her face buried in the pillow, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Ellen put her arm around Annie's neck and kissed her temple, and Annie, as soon as she could speak, said that she wanted to go down and have her punishment.

"Well, Annie, I am very glad that you called me to tell me of that. But, now that you have told me, it is enough for to-night. You can comfort yourself now and go to sleep. It will do just as well to have the punishment in the morning."

Annie put her arm around Ellen's neck and clung to her closely, as she said this, and gradually seemed to become more composed. "You can go to sleep now, can't you?" said Ellen.

"I don't know," said Annie, mournfully. She continued to cling closely to Ellen and seemed very unwilling to let her go.

"Would you rather go down now," said Ellen, "or wait till to-morrow morning?"

"I would rather go now," said Annie.

"Well," said Ellen, "I will carry you now."

So Ellen brought a small blanket and,

wrapping Annie up in it warm, took her up in her arms. Annie was not very large, but she made a pretty heavy burden for Ellen to carry. After Ellen had taken her up, Annie put out one of her arms from between the folds of her blanket and took hold of the candlestick, carefully poising it in her hand so as to hold it perfectly upright, and in this way she was brought safely downstairs.

Ellen carried her little charge to the closet where the prison was and then set her down. Annie crept under the shelf and took her seat upon the stool. She set the pendulum a-swinging and counted the vibrations, up to ten, twice. She then stopped the pendulum saying, "There, that is for disobeying my mother. Now—for disobeying you." She set the pendulum a-going again and counted ten vibrations twice, as before. She then stopped the swinging of it, and turning to Ellen, put out her arms toward her, with a smile.

Ellen took her up and carried her to the kitchen fire

"May I sit up here a few minutes?" said Annie.

"Yes," said Ellen. So Ellen placed her down upon the hearth before the fire.

"What a good fire," said Annie. "I wish I had an apple to roast."

"Well," said Ellen, "you can have one. I will go down cellar and get one for you, only you cannot sit up long enough to finish roasting it. I shall have to keep it for you till morning."

Annie was pleased with this arrangement, and so Ellen went down into the cellar and brought up an apple. She gave this apple to Annie to examine and put it down before the fire to roast. Soon after this she took Annie up in her arms again and carried her up to bed. When Annie had been placed in bed, she asked Ellen to hear her say her prayer again. Annie seemed to consider her having said her prayer before, while she was persisting in sin, as only a useless form. Accordingly, Ellen heard her say it again. Ellen then thought that she would stay a little while longer with Annie and amuse her mind by telling her a story. She, accordingly, began to tell her about a walk that two children took in a wood. But before she had proceeded far in her story Annie fell fast asleep.

Ellen took her candle then and went downstairs, thinking as she went that Beechnut's rules were all very good, and especially the one which forbade her to scold. She saw very clearly that firmness, patience, forbearance, and kindness are sufficient to enable even a sister to reach and guide the heart of a child—without scolding.—*Jacob Abbott, in "Ellen Linn."*

THE AIR-GUN AND THE BIRDS.

That protection for dumb animals is needed every day no one can deny who thinks at all upon the subject, and that education in this respect is equally needed is evinced by the indifference that one meets in very many cases where our duty toward animals is urged. One proof of this fact is seen in the general use of such a dangerous plaything as the air-gun. To a lover of animals it seems astonishing that any parent can give into the hands of a child a toy that is as dangerous as a small revolver. Armed with this means of destruction, and with small ability as a marksman, the child becomes an active element of danger to every one in his neighborhood. Many accidents to other children have already happened from the use of air-guns, and the lessons of cruelty that the boy himself receives and gives to others in shooting at birds, cats, and dogs are countless and evil in results. To kill for the mere sake of killing, to wound and inflict a lingering, agonizing death on harmless and inoffensive creatures, is a certain way to learn brutality and indifference to suffering that is sure to end in crime.

Legislation that will place the air-gun on the list of articles whose unrestricted sale is illegal is much to be desired, and effort ought to be made at once to obtain it.* The much-abused sparrow has friends among naturalists who declare him to be a useful insect-eating bird, while others declare him a pest. If it is decided, however, that he is a nuisance and must be exterminated, let the work be given to some responsible person who will see that the birds are killed with as little suffering as possible. A bounty for their heads ought never to be offered, as it gives liberty for indiscriminate slaughter. The experience in Illinois resulting from such a course is ample proof of its folly.

The Humane Journal, published in Chicago, says of it: "Many cases of eyes partially or wholly destroy by air-guns were reported by surgeons in the first fortnight after the bounty was offered, and between 1,000,000 sparrows or 10,000 boys armed with the air-gun, any sensible two-eyed person will choose the sparrow every time."

*A law was passed by the Rhode Island Legislature (June, 1892), prohibiting the use of air and spring guns, and any contrivance arranged to discharge missiles, as well as of ordinary guns, etc., in highways and on private property without the consent of the owner.

EXTRACT FROM MR. ANGELL'S ADDRESS TO THE ANNUAL MEETING OF "THE NATIONAL ASSOCATION OF SUPERINTENDENTS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS," AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

Nearly all the criminals of the future, the thieves, burglars, incendiaries and murderers, are now in our public schools, and with them the greater criminals who commit national crimes. They are in our public schools now, and we are educating them. We can mould them now if we will. To illustrate the power of education: we know that we can make the same boy Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Mohammedan. It is simply a question of education. We may put into his little hands, as first toys, whips, guns, and swords, or may teach him, as the Quakers do, that war and cruelty are crimes. We may teach him to shoot the little song bird in springtime, with its nest full of young, or we may teach him to feed the bird and spare its nest. We may go into the schools now with book, picture, song, and story, and make neglected boys merciful, or we may let them drift until, as men, they become sufficiently lawless and cruel to throw our railway trains off the track, place dynamite under our dwelling houses or public buildings, assassinate our President, burn half our city, or involve the nation in civil war.

Is it not largely, if not wholly, a question of education?

I am sometimes asked, "Why do you spend so much of your time and money in talking about *kindness to animals*, when there is so much cruelty to men?" And I answer, "*I am working at the roots.*" Every humane publication, every lecture, every step in doing or teaching kindness to them is a step to prevent crime, a step in promoting the growth of those qualities of heart which will elevate human souls, even in the dens of sin and shame, and prepare the way for the coming of peace on earth and good will to men.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A SILVER-TONGUED FAMILY.

The Bluebird.

It will be difficult for you to mistake this little blue-coat for any other bird. He is "true blue," which is as rare a color among birds as it is among flowers. He is the banner-bearer of Birdland also, and loyally floats the tricolor from our trees and telegraph wires; for, besides being blue, is he not also red and white?

To be sure, his breast is perhaps more brown than red, but, when the spring sun shines on his new feathers, as he flits to and fro, it is quite bright enough to be called red. All sorts and conditions of people love and respect the bluebird: all welcome him to their gardens and orchards. The crossest old farmer, with his back bent double by rheumatism, contrives to bore some auger holes in an old box and fasten it on the side of the barn, or set it up on the pole of his hayrick; while the thrifty villager provides a beautiful home for his blue-backed pets—a real summer hotel, mounted on a tall post above a flower bed, with gables and little windows under the eaves.

Why does this bird receive so much attention? There are many others with gayer plumage and more brilliant songs. It is because the bluebird is gentle, useful, brave, and faithful under adversity, while he and the robin are the first two birds that children know by name. We must live in a very cold, wind-swept part of the country not to have some of these birds with us from March until Thanksgiving day, and then, when a week has passed and we have not seen a single one, we say winter has come in earnest. When weeks go by and our eyes grow tired of the glare of the snow, or our hearts discouraged at the sight of bare lifeless trees and stretches of brown meadow, suddenly, some morning, we hear a few liquid notes from an old tree in a sunny spot. All eagerness, we go out to see if our ears have deceived us. No, it is a bluebird! He is peeping into an old woodpecker's hole and acting as if he had serious thoughts of going to housekeeping there, and did not intend waiting to move in until May-day either. When you see him, you may know that, though there is still ice on the water-trough and on the little streams, spring is only around the corner, waiting for her friend, the sun, to give her a little warmer invitation to join him in their old, old play of turning the sluggish sleeping brown earth into a wonderful green garden again.

As a citizen the bluebird is in every way a model. He works with the ground gleaners in searching the grass and low bushes for grasshoppers and crickets; he searches the trees for caterpillars in company with the tree trappers; and in eating blueberries, cranberries, wild grapes, and other fruits he works with the seed sowers also.

So who would not welcome this bird, who pays his rent and taxes in so cheerful a manner, and thanks you with a song into the bargain? A very few straws are

all that he asks for his housekeeping, and every time he promises a meal for his household, scores of creeping, crawling, hopping garden enemies are gobbled up. Then he, modest little fellow that he is, comes to the roof of the shed and murmurs his thanks for your hospitality, as if you, and not he, had done the favor: he continues to whisper and warble about it all the way down the meadow until, having caught another grasshopper, his mouth is too full for singing.

Some things to remember about the Bluebird.

Length (from tip of beak over head to end of tail), seven inches.

Upper parts, clear, bright blue.

Throat and breast, reddish earth color.

Belly, white.

A Summer Citizen of the United States and a Citizen of the milder parts of our country.

A member of the guilds of Ground Gleaners, Tree Trappers, and Seed Sowers.—*Mabel Osgood Wright in "Citizen Bird."*

SAVE THE BIRDS.

At the present time, when so much is being said and done about the conservation of our natural resources, it is perhaps well to call attention to an alarming state of affairs in the Gulf States generally, and in Florida in particular. Florida is a bird paradise. Its almost tropical climate and partial isolation, together with the wide diversity of conditions which it presents, have made it the home of multitudes of all kinds of birds, many of which are rarely or never found north of the State. Especially ideal surroundings are found for great "rookeries" of such gregarious species as the ibis, spoonbill, pelican, heron, and egret. Before the advent of civilization, with its attendant sportsmen and plume-hunters, there were hundreds of these avian cities, with their thousands upon thousands of inhabitants. Now, after years of ceaseless and wanton persecution, the more plainly colored birds, such as the pelican, are becoming very scarce, while the American egret, the snowy heron, and others whose feathers have a market value have been systematically hunted down until they are on the verge of extermination. Amid scenes of the utmost cruelty, insatiable plumers have invaded the nesting colonies, and from the parent birds torn the coveted "aigrettes," leaving the young to starve slowly.

Not once, until it was all but too late, did Florida raise her hand to stop this terrible destruction of her priceless inheritance. In 1901 a protective law was passed, largely through outside influence. The enforcement of this law is very lax, and convictions under it almost impossible. Birds all over the State are exposed to wanton slaughter by "sportsmen," native and tourist, and the plume trade, stimulated by the high prices offered by dealers, still goes on.

The National Association of Audubon Societies has labored hard to give the birds the protection so sorely needed, and which the State did not provide. For a number of years, at considerable expense, it has fitted out patrol boats and paid for the services of wardens. In the summer of 1905 Guy Bradley, one of the first wardens appointed, was shot and killed by the plumers while making an arrest,—a death he had long predicted for himself. The National Association engaged a lawyer to facilitate the workings of justice; but, though the persons concerned were known, no one was ever indicted. The Association now supports the widow and children of the unfortunate man. Recently came the news that another warden, Columbus G. McLeod, was missing. His patrol boat was found, blood-stained and sunk with sandbags, and in it his hat, with two long gashes in the crown. The body, doubtless, was carried out to sea and will never be found. It is dangerous business to interfere with the honorable industry of plume-hunting in Florida.

Is it to be wondered at that the Aubudon people are discouraged? The president of the National Association sums up the case as follows: "This Association has spent thousands of dollars in trying to preserve the birds of Florida, without any seeming result, as there are far less plume birds in the State than there were when Warden Guy Bradley was appointed. As we have already lost two wardens by violent deaths, it does not seem as though the Association were warranted in appointing any further wardens, especially on the west coast, for the present at least; certainly not until the citizens of Florida awake to the value of birds as an asset of the State and establish a Game Commission in order to see that the bird and game laws are enforced."

Will the people of Florida sleep until it is too late?—*E. W. S., in the Outlook.*

LINCOLN'S LOVE FOR NATURE AND ANIMALS.

Lincoln was Nature's man. Born among the sighing pines of Kentucky, the wilderness of Indiana was his playground, and in the forests of Illinois he nursed the

dreams which later fruited into unimagined greatness, while he toiled at splitting rails.

His was a wonderfully gentle nature. Even as a boy he could not bear to see suffering. It is recorded that his first homely compositions were directed against cruelty to animals, although this was years before humane societies had been thought of. In those uncouth days it was considered an eccentricity to preach a doctrine of this kind.

It is related that during one of the several treks in which his father indulged, always turning his face toward the West, a dog belonging to one of the family fell behind. After the oxen had floundered through the mire, snow, and ice of a prairie stream, it was discovered that the dog had been left behind. The others, annoyed and anxious to go on and find a camping place for the night, for it was then late, were in favor of leaving him to his fate. To turn back with the heavy wagon and ox-team was out of the question. But Abraham could see the dog on the other bank, running up and down in great distress. Once, referring to this incident, he said: "I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Lincoln could never turn his ear from a cry of distress. This characteristic was one which never left him, and many stories are told of his kindness of heart, which extended to even the lower orders of the animal creation.

There is the story of a period when he was practising law and going from town to town on the circuit, as was the custom in those days when the country was sparsely settled.

It seems that, when Lincoln and some of his lawyer comrades were travelling along the highway from one court to another, they passed a pig stuck in the mud and squealing helplessly. The others hurried on, laughing over the pig's plight; but the pitiful cries of the animal rang in Lincoln's ears until he could bear it no longer, so he turned back and, with one fence rail for a fulcrum and another for a lever, pried the pig out of the mire. He travelled the rest of the day alone, muddy, but content.

On another and similar occasion it is related that he spent hours hunting for the nest out of which two young birds had fallen. His comrades sneered and left him behind, but Lincoln did not go on until he had restored the fledglings to their tree-top home.

In those early days of his young manhood, before the purpose of his life had been revealed to him, and when he undertook a commercial venture, the call of the primitive life combined with Blackstone and Chitty to lure him from the store to the shade of a great oak, where he was to be seen, dressed in homespun, a grotesque youth, no doubt lying on his back with his feet on the trunk of the tree and reading aloud from the apostles of the law.

The President was fond of cats and particularly kittens. On one occasion, when the White House family was increased by the advent of several felines, the pleasure of the children of the household was fully shared by the chief executive, while generals, statesmen, and diplomats were gravely informed of what had transpired. On another occasion the President discovered a number of kittens at one of the military camps where he was a visitor, and spent much time in fondling them while his mind was considering weighty matters of military and national policy.

Much as Lincoln loved nature, it seemed to appeal to the sadder side of his consciousness. It is related that once when he and Mrs. Lincoln were driving about the country, they came to a tiny graveyard, where the green foliage of the trees and the flowers of spring composed a sweet and charming picture. The President was delighted with the spot and walked among the graves. Finally he turned to his wife to remark pathetically, "When I am gone, lay my body in some quiet place like this." When the end came, the great emancipator was indeed laid to rest in the month of Maytime bloom, although his resting place was the Western prairie. And it was long told by the farmers of Central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died.—*From Suburban Life for February, Thomas R. White.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, July 7, 1840.

My dear brother,—To be ordered to paint two pictures is a right pleasant command which I hasten to obey. Say to Mr. Huidekoper that I shall be very happy to do it and

will set about it directly. I have two pictures, designed and indeed begun, which I think he will like if he like the little sunrise I sent you. These are the morning and evening twilight. In the first I try to represent that mystic hour when the whole earth is full of reflected light, but the sun is yet unrisen; when everything seems like preparation and expectation, and the landscape has a beauty that disappears the *instant* the sun is above the horizon. The other is to repeat the sweet tranquil seriousness of evening which seems to say that all is over. I shall have a leisure time just now for some weeks, and shall try to get them done before you arrive here.

I agree with your proposition of and concerning the picturesque, though I do not see the force of *all* your illustrations; but with this I fully agree, that it should hint more than it tells and reveal by suggestion its best meaning.

I did not send your copy of the *Dial* because I thought you would see one where you are and also at Chicago. The article on the Divine Presence in nature and the soul is by Theodore Parker. It is considered utter heresy and abomination by Dr. —— and others. It was a sermon that he preached in several places and at Thursday Lecture. There, after service, Dr. —— took him to task for it, particularly for hinting at the possibility of a future Messiah greater than Jesus. "Do you then believe that God is exhausted, Dr. —— ?" said Theodore in his modest way, whereat no answer was returned. You will recognize the author of the "Problem" and of the "Editors to the Reader." You cannot mistake either, I think, the author of the Allston Exhibition. Dwight's articles betray him otherwise than by a D., and Cranch's by a C. "Notes from the Journal of a Scholar" is by Charles Emerson; "Sympathy," by Henry Thoreau of Concord. Mr. Alcott I think appears to great advantage.

Margaret was very sorry she had not one of your *strong* pieces of poetry for the first number. We think the "Three Landscapes" a very good one, and "The Genuine Portrait" she thinks of publishing even if it is for the second time. She wants things about art: there is plenty of theological material.

I think your Dream Poem one of the very best things you have ever written. It has all the true flavor of imagination about it. It is so late at night that I cannot write more, only I must tell you what Margaret said when she found they had put all her delicate scraps in a cluster at the end, instead of a proper wedge-like insertion here and there, as she had directed: she said it seemed like inviting the governor and others to a stately feast with regular courses and ending with a dish of minced meat.

Mr. Conant came to see me and told me how discouraged he felt when he arrived, and how, when Mr. Ware gave him Mr. Huidekoper's letter and generous gift, the hue of his thoughts was changed, and he perceived again that he was doing right since he was so wonderfully cared for. He said he could not sleep that night for thinking of it. He had been mistaken or cheated about his money and found it unavailable when he arrived here; but then the astonishing fitness of this gift to his circumstances seemed to him a teaching of Providence.

NEWTON, July 20th, 1840.

My dear James,—I do not know whether I had better shoot or drown myself, but I certainly cannot survive having such a piece of dogmatism attributed to me as the "Record of Impressions." What could you be thinking of not to know Margaret's style of judgment? In her, mayhap, "Such pride is praise, such portliness is honor," but it is remote equally from my wit and will.

You say well that I must have made vast progress to do that. Truly I must have outtravelled myself and become another person first. I am particularly mortified that you should have thought it mine, because it has been a great stumbling-block between me and Margaret. I do not like her way of criticism. She is ever comparing works of art with an arbitrary standard, and telling how they should be, and how they are not, but never how and what they *are*. It is inevitable, as it seems to me, that, when criticism gets above art, thenceforth art ceases to be art and becomes a slave and a mechanic.

21st,—As I have to-night received your recantation I will recant my reproaches and reserve my general sentiments on criticism till we meet. As it is, I shall forgive you, but, if you had not discovered your mistake yourself, I would never have done so. I looked over the article in question after I got your letter to see how it would seem to have written it myself, and those things you mention as characteristic of Margaret were those that it appeared impossible to attribute to me. But that is finished. You were right about all the rest except in attributing the badly written article to Parker. That and Sympathy are by Henry Thoreau of Concord. "The Editors," etc., is by R. W. E.; "Essay on Critics," by S. M. F.; C. is Cranch; D., Dwight; P., Parker; R., Ripley; T., Thoreau; O., Margaret; W., Wilson; S.,

Sarah; "The Dahlia and the Sun," Margaret. So much for the *Dial*.

I went to see Mr. Barrett last night, who is in the place of Mr. Briggs at present. He says they have not yet found any one for you. Can you believe that there are half a dozen who have no better reason for not going there than that they all said the hot weather will make them sick, and would go if it were later? Really, these young men ought to be talked to. I wish you would come here and preach a discourse to the clergymen and expound to them that the care of their health is not their highest religious duty. Say to them, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" John S. has gone to the Virginia Springs. S. A., who pleased Mrs. Lewis very much, has to look after his wife's property. Mr. B. is afraid of his health, and also Mr. D., who is to go to St. Louis later in the season. They talk of asking R. S. as a *dernier ressort:* who knows but he might do very well.

The Bunker Hill monument which was formerly earned at the point of the bayonet is now to be earned over again at the point of the needle. Truly yours,

SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

NOVEL PUZZLE.

Example: Behead a small, rude dwelling, prefix another letter, and make not in. Answer: hut, out.

1. Behead a contest of arms, prefix another letter, and make a time of darkness.
2. Behead an animal unusually small of its kind, prefix another letter, and make a sister of one's father.
3. Behead a passageway in a church, prefix another letter, and make fine rain.
4. Behead to deface, prefix another letter, and make to strike with the foot.
5. Behead an inclosure for confining birds, prefix another letter, and make violent anger.
6. Behead sick, prefix another letter, and make entirely.
7. Behead to devastate, prefix another letter, and make a burden.

The beheaded letters, reading downward, will spell the Christian name and the prefixed letters reading upward, will spell the surname of a celebrated American historian.

II.

AN EVENING WITH AUDUBON.

1. If a bird should fail in spirit, what would it be?
2. What bird is also a piece at chess?
3. What bird is a German meteorologist?
4. What bird is a machine for raising great weights?
5. If a cock makes a morning noise, what bird is it?
6. What bird is a boy's toy?
7. What bird was an American statesman?
8. When you have a jolly time, what bird is it?
9. What bird is a small board for holding plasterer's mortar?
10. If you dip your head suddenly in water, what bird is it?—*Exchange.*

III.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. He Made Search.
2. Winsome Stories.
3. Chooses Delightful Wit.
4. Read Widely Everywhere.
5. Great Woodchopper.

IV.

ANOTHER SEA TRIP.

1. An hypocritical Biblical Sea.
2. The sea of a hard heart.
3. The sea of the chemist.
4. The sea of worldly prudence.
5. The sea of the substitute ruler.
6. The sea of emptiness.
7. The sea of the tramp.—*Selected.*

V.

A DIAMOND.

1. A vowel.
2. A mineral spring.
3. A period of time.
4. A synonym for atmosphere.
5. A consonant.

Answers to puzzles in March Number.

I. TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Jefferson. Cleveland. Roosevelt.

II. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—Famous Americans: Rutherford B. Hayes. Henry Wilson. George Frisbie Hoar. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Nathaniel Greene.

III. SUBTRACTIONS.—1. Mill—ill. 2. Coil—oil. 3. Lout—out. 4. Five—fie. 5. Mode—ode.

IV. LITERARY CONTEST.—Friendship Village. Lovey Mary. A Golden Gossip. Bred in the Bone. The Under Dog. The Old Peabody Pew. Two little Savages. Choir Invisible. The Forest. Beside Still Water. The Millionaire's Son. House of the Seven Gables. Behind Closed Doors. The Lighted Lamp. Aunt Jane of Kentucky.

V. SQUARE.—

M A R C H
A D O R E
R O Y A L
C R A M P
H E L P S

THE WORDS OF LINCOLN.

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether I may ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of the Divine Being, who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will be yet well. I hope, you my friends, will all pray for me that I may receive that divine assistance."—*From Lincoln's farewell speech to his old neighbors on February* 11, 1861, *when he started for Washington, to be inaugurated President, on March* 4.

"I have never joined a church because I find difficulty without mental reservation in giving my assent to their long and complicated creeds. When any church inscribes on its altar, as a qualification for membership, the Saviour's statement of the substance of the law and the gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind . . . and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and soul."

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right: stand with him while he is right, and part from him when he goes wrong.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.

The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, of all tongues, and of all kindreds.

I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so till the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me, won't amount to anything.

The leading rule for the man of every calling is diligence. Leave nothing for to-morrow which can be done to-day. Never let your correspondence fall behind. Whatever piece of business you have in hand, before stopping, do all the labor pertaining to it which can be done.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, April 2, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Any subscriber not receiving the paper regularly is requested to notify the Secretary.

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Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.